

THE
NASSAU
LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV:

FROM JUNE, 1878, TO APRIL, 1879.

EDITORS FROM CLASS OF '79.

ED. PARKER DAVIS, ILL.,
FLETCHER DURELL, N. J.,
CHALMERS MARTIN, N. J.

MAHLON PITNEY, N. J.,
EDWARD W. SHELDON, N. J.,
WILLIAM R. WILDER, N. J.

MANAGING EDITORS.

ROBERT BRIDGES, PA.,

HAROLD GODWIN, N. Y.

HIRAM WOODS, JR., MD., TREASURER.

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY,
PRINCETON, N. J.
1879.

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

ED. PARKER DAVIS, *ILL.*,
FLETCHER DURELL, *N. J.*,
CHALMERS MARTIN, *N. J.*,

MAHLON PITNEY, *N. J.*,
EDWARD W. SHELDON, *N. J.*,
WILLIAM R. WILDER, *N. J.*

Managing Editors:

ROBERT BRIDGES, *PA.*,

HAROLD GODWIN, *N. Y.*

HIRAM WOODS, *JR., MD., Treasurer.*

Vol. XXXIV.

JUNE, 1878.

No. 1.

INFLUENCE OF THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE UPON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY GEO. CARLTON COMSTOCK, '79, OF N. Y.

No element of civilization suffered more during the dark ages of Europe than language. Barbarian invasions, the misery of the people, civil wars, and all the evils which can afflict society, had destroyed the Latin and Celtic tongues, and corrupted the Teutonic.

Nearly all manuscripts of ancient literature—the priceless works of Cicero, of Aristotle, of Homer—before preserved by the monks in their cloistered cells, were lost; and, were it not for Italy, the light of learning had been perhaps forever extinguished. Here, however, there shone a glimmer which, at the revival of classical literature in the eleventh century, supplied the fire from which other nations lit their torches. In a word, by this restoration a solid foundation for all national literatures was established, and at their rise Italy found herself the fount of learning, at which the rest of Europe quaffed. Her language naturally became the connecting link between the classical and romantic schools, between ancient and modern poetry. Yet, by

reason of this attachment to the ancient classics, the Italian language was the last of the Romance family to appear. This, however, did not affect her influence when she did come forth. Her two great rivals, the Provençal and the Romance-Wallon, or old French, either because they had sprung up in sterile soil, as in the case of the former, or because the language was less harmonious, the passions and imagination of the people less ardent and lively, as in the case of the latter, and especially because no great genius had appeared to engrave in them his title to fame; for such reasons, we say, these two languages, though much older than the Italian, immediately withdrew into the shade when the poetry of Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarch suddenly burst forth—like Pallas from the brain of Jupiter, perfect and consummate in her virgin strength and beauty—to become a model to all other nations for grace and form in writing.

The influence of the new language, partly because of the position of the nation in respect to ancient literature, partly because of its great superiority, thus at once became general. It affected all Europe. Upon English, however, as one of the latest of modern languages, its influence was marked and extended. This was, above all, one of refinement. The English people living in a cold, damp, and an uncongenial clime, by nature rough and coarse, could not but impart more or less of this climatic and natural character to their literature. Their writings lacked refinement of feeling, grace and elegance of expression. This the Italian language only could supply. For, when Geoffrey Chaucer first fashioned modern Anglo-Saxon, Italian literature was at its pinnacle of fame; and, moreover, had reached this by its superior beauty and grace, as developed by Petrarch and Boccaccio. Naturally, then, Chaucer and his contemporaries turned to Italy to find the one needed element. Nor did he go, as some would have us think, to the songs of the south of France, to the chivalrous tales of the north of Europe, to the romances of Spain, or to the pastorals of Portugal, but found his models

in the poesy and poetic prose of Petrarch and Boccaccio. How much these influenced him, the great improvement in delicacy and refinement which distinguishes the second period of his literary life shows. Compare his *Troilus and Cresseide*, or the *Knights's Tale*, with any of his earlier writings. At once the superior grace and beauty of style, the greater liveliness of narration and refinement of thought of the former will be perceived. Yet Chaucer never allowed himself to be blindly led by this Italian influence. Indeed, in many places where we would naturally expect the smoothness and gracefulness of his teachers, Chaucer is rude and pedantic. This, however, only proves his independent spirit, and cannot be called a fault, for Chaucer is a poet of the dramatic and picturesque, while Boccaccio and the Italian writers were poets of sentiment. Chaucer portrays the habitual prejudices and passions of the characters introduced, while Boccaccio gives free rein to his fancy. Thus a business-like directness is appropriate in Chaucer, where rounded elegance would be found in the Italian model.

This difference hints to us the chief evil resulting from Italian influence, namely, an exaggerated and affected refinement. In this, however, Italy only adopted the spirit of the times. Yet it is a matter of just surprise that, at the very outset of a nation's literary career, simplicity and natural feeling should have been superseded by conceit and bombast. Conventional feelings thus usurped, in poetry, the place of those open and simple sentiments which well up from every honest heart. This artificial beauty is very apparent in Wyatt and Surrey, the founders of the Elizabethan literature. Introducing the amorous sonnets of the Petrarchian school, they brought with them the same faults. Strained metaphors, artificial thoughts, perplexed sentiments, and causeless griefs, mark the character of their poetry. In them the refining influence changed from one which shaded every thought and expression with delicacy and elegance, to one of mere outward form, to a mechanism which repelled the reader by its coldness and shallowness. Yet this

was rather the fault of Wyatt and Surrey than of their Italian models. The truth was, these English writers sought to imitate a school which they could not understand; they could imitate Italian art, but not Italian genius; for beauty of thought and tenderness of feeling cannot be brought up by any established rules or mechanical effort unaided by true effusions of the heart. Such a task was left to Edmund Spenser, in whose works we find the purity of language, the elegance and grace of Petrarch and Boccaccio, the chivalric dignity and delicacy of Ariosto, shining forth in all their original brightness. In him there is no coarseness of expression, no blunt display of prejudice and passion, no indelicate images which often mar the writings of Chaucer. In place of these faults, we find all the mellowness and tender depth of thought, all the loveliness which so distinguished the great Italian writers. As in the poem of Ariosto, we are introduced in the Faerie Queene into another and ethereal world where all the vulgar interests of life are suspended, where love and honor are the only laws, where all pains, prejudices and disquieting passions which here sadden our lot and chill our souls, are forgotten. Here, then, we see the culmination of the influence of the Italian school of romance upon our poetry. Here we find the dramatic and sturdy business-like picturesqueness of Chaucer changed into the Boccacian sentimentalism which was the characteristic of the indulgent and voluptuous nature of the Italian and southern tongues. Spenser, moreover, was not lacking in the bold genius which is so wanting in the poems of Wyatt and Surrey. He was born a literary Rubens, and the lovely verses of Ariosto merely lighted up for him a path by which to travel. He even engrafted upon his models an exuberance of fancy, a greater expansiveness and coloring of the many images of visionary things, which were not to be found in any other poetry of Europe, before or after. At the same time we cannot disguise our feelings that Spenser is somewhat deficient in that independence which runs in the veins of every true Anglo-Saxon, and for which we so admire Chaucer.

We cannot but feel that the Faerie Queene is injured by some tinge of that lusciousness perceptible in the style of Tasso and Ariosto, whose writings it so much resembles. For the character of our northern poesy, harmonizing with the vigor and matter-of-fact activity of the English people, seems somewhat discordant with the oversweetness and luxuriance which is natural to sunny, careless Italy. Yet with this fault there is clearly evident in Spenser's writings the natural freshness and frankness which characterize the English and their literature, and so contrast with the strained and artificial Italian. For, as if the abundant sunlight and the beautiful blue sky, the rich exuberance of vegetable and animal nature, concealed some rank poison, the poetry of Italy has ever been a court beauty with noble and regular features, a graceful and slender form, yet withal sickly and delicate. On the other hand, the poetry of England resembles a country maiden attracting all beholders by her spirit, variety and intelligence. Like all country maidens, however, she needed the elegance and refinement which only a court beauty could teach, and for this element she stands indebted to the Italian language.

But there was another influence exerted upon our language which is of vastly greater importance than mere grace and refinement, for it affected not only the form, but the very principles, of literature; nay, more, which transcended the bounds of literature, and influenced the very systems of spiritual belief. I refer to the Christian influence by which the divine Dante opened to an astonished world a new region for human thought and genius. No one before Dante had brought out the Christian idea, which, because it is the foundation of all that is good and elevating, must be the only lasting basis upon which a literature can stand. This idea is that the great reason for all our earthly struggles to perfect ourselves, and to excel in literature, is the moulding and developing of the soul; a deeper and much more ennobling sentiment than that the chief aim of a writer is to embellish and adorn the thoughts suggested by a sensual passion.

Dante thus differed in the character of his writings from his great contemporaries, Boccaccio and Petrarch. He belonged, in fact, rather to the classical than to the romantic school of *literati*. For these reasons his influence was but little felt in England until the time of the Puritans, when the human mind in England, disgusted with the excesses of its age, turned to a repentant contemplation of the truth as taught by Christianity. Here, then, were surroundings congenial to this new literary element, and soon it appeared in the works of John Milton. Moreover, the corner-stone of the system of Dante, the freedom of the will, was the corner-stone upon which the reformed faith of our Puritan fathers rested. Thus we are prepared to find in Milton, who may be considered as the representative of the reformed faith, many evidences of a close study of the Italian language, and more especially of the *Divine Comedy* of Dante. There is, indeed, a striking resemblance between the intellectual features of both poets. Both were saturated with the spirit of antique poetry and philosophy which characterized the classical school of criticism. Both were animated by a stern and intense religious enthusiasm, yet had minds susceptible of the softest as well as of the sublimest emotions. Both had the same fondness for argumentative writings.

The great difference between Dante and Milton is that Dante is essentially and peculiarly a Romanist poet, while Milton was a thorough Calvinist. Thus while Dante, as it were, believed his own story, and presented the *Divine Comedy* as a record of fact, Milton gave his *Paradise Lost* to the world as a poem, an ideal picture of man's first transgression and its fruit. The immortal poem of Dante rather recalls some of those extraordinary conceptions of the grim monastic genius of the Middle Ages in which our terror and interest are powerfully excited by familiar representations, while Milton's poetical conceptions bespeak the pure outline, the subdued tints, and the grand simplicity of a Raphael. Yet Milton has engrafted upon his *Paradise Lost* the power and range and grandeur of Dante. Moreover, he owes his idea, the Christian idea, to Dante's example.

But this essay would be incomplete did we not speak of the many external advantages for which we are indebted to the poetry of Italy. The Spenserian stanza is but the Italian "*ottava rima*," or eight-line stanza to which Spenser, in order to give to the English "the linked sweetness long drawn out" of the "*Travella Toscana*," most wisely added a ninth line. Indeed, if we turn to any of the great English poets we find that almost invariably they have adopted the metre of the Italians. For the Italian language is one in which the rhymes are so abundant that it requires almost an effort to avoid giving a metrical form to prose. Thus, instead of the uncouth and irregular verse which had been long in use in England, Chaucer adopted the Heroic or iambic-pentameter of the Italians.

So Shakespeare chose the sonnet stanza of Petrarch, and the blank verse of de Medici, in which to transmit to posterity his great literary productions.

In conclusion, we cannot but feel surprise at the little influence now exerted by the Italian language, a language once so great and powerful. It seems, indeed, the fate of all the Romance tongues to languish in the nineteenth century, when everything else is so full of life. The single exception is the French, and this provides us with a clue to the solution of the problem. For in France only did the reformation of the sixteenth century, which was a struggle of the mind to gain its freedom, ever accomplish its end. In Italy and Spain it was crushed out, and the mind remained in bondage. Thus, while the literature of the North has continued to grow and develop, the literature of Italy, since the golden age of Ariosto, has been inert and lifeless; for there the shackles of superstition and spiritual ignorance have prevented the developement of that Christian idea which is, as I remarked, the foundation-stone of all true culture. Though taught first by Dante, Papal rule has seen fit to drive it from the Italian mind, and they reap their just reward in a literature which, feeble and faint, can only claim our sympathy by pointing to its past glories, when such poets as Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Tasso and Ariosto served as models for all the world.

EUTHANASIA.

Worn out by a long and painfully acute disease, the heroine of a recent popular story, by a singularly discriminating and able writer, strives to convince her husband that it is her duty to take a sweet, strong draught which shall end her anguish. She is prostrated by an incurable sickness. She suffers pain often exceeding in intensity all that can be imagined as most intolerable, attended by accidents which render her most loathsome to herself and to those whom strong affection still gathers around her bed. Her general health is broken down by the action of the same poison that produces the local torture; and all is tending surely, swiftly, to a fatal issue, which skill cannot avert, from which it can scarcely remove its bitterest agony. At length the prospect becomes insufferable to her. She drinks some laudanum, and dies.

Was she right or wrong in doing so? The question is one not of romance alone, but of real life. We remember the actor in a neighboring city, who, being afflicted with a malady which was hopeless, and of which his father had died, resolved recently to end his life by his own hand, and so to end his suffering. Some of us remember, too, that one of the leading journals in that city endeavored to justify the deed. But what shall be said of such conduct?

In the first place, such conduct is nothing more nor less than suicide—suicide, to be sure, under peculiar circumstances, but suicide nevertheless. And surely, in our time, that is enough to condemn it. We are not living at an era when suicide is either reputable or justifiable. The age of ancient Greece and Rome has passed. Cato, truly, horror-stricken at tyranny, and at the prospect of life under a despot, thought death the path by which he could preserve his high character and moral dignity, and leave to posterity an unsullied Roman name. Lucretius, too, that prince of Latin poets, sought relief in suicide from the

heartlessness of an unappreciating world. One of the first consequences, indeed, of the rise of Epicureanism was an entire change in the popular conception of death. From being a terrible unknown country, it became a city of refuge for the despairing of all nations. In Roman stoicism the right of self-destruction was the corner-stone of belief. It served to nourish that haughtiness of spirit which distinguished the Roman philosopher. It dispossessed life of much of its gloom by affording a speedy release from all mortal suffering. Stoicism did not picture death in gorgeous hues, as the way to perfect bliss, but strove to present it as a state of freedom from distress. Since death was regarded as a relief from pain, and not as a punishment, a noble consummation of life was the Stoic's ideal. "Why," says Seneca, "should I endure the agonies of disease, and the cruelties of human tyranny, when I can emancipate myself from all my torments, and shake off every bond? To death alone is it due that life is not a chastisement; that erect, beneath the frowns of fortune, I can preserve an unshaken and a fearless mind. I have one to whom I can appeal. I see before me the crosses of many forms. I see the rack, and the scourge, and the stake; but beyond them all I see death—that yawning precipice where I can descend to liberty."

Nor are we Materialists, who deny the existence of the soul, and of a future life. Materialism, in its different shapes, has smoothed the way to self-destruction for many a man. Eliminate the dread of something after death, and you may remove the incentive to life. Persecution, too, in its multifarious forms, has been, and is, the means of making existence unendurable. During the middle ages, thousands of the Jews, broken in spirit by the Papal prosecution, preferred to be their own executioners. Moreover, among the miserable witches, who endured all the agonies, without the glorious alleviations, of martyrdom, the act of suicide was frequent. Buoyed up by no wild fanaticism, and by no expectations of a blessed eternity, but hated and unpitied by all, having never-ending torments, as they believed, staring

them in the face, they yet in multitudes cast loose on that dreary voyage from whose "night the ominous shadows never lift."

Ah! but is death such a voyage? Is it the end of all things? After the sunset, is there no sunrise? We believe in the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. And there is an account to be rendered at the bar of final judgment. In what condition does the man, who takes his life in order to rid himself of a hopeless disease, who seeks a painless death by his own hand, return himself to his Creator? His Creator gave him life, innocence, hope; but guilt, lethargy, despair, are given back.

Yet this is not all. The apology for such self-destruction stands on the same footing with the apology for the cowardice shown in the late war by some French towns, whose people did not think it worth while to hold out, but surrendered without resistance. Was it or was it not worth while? Was it worth while for Regulus, in obedience to his plighted faith, to abandon country, kindred, glory, and to return to the horrible tortures inflicted by an enraged and a despairing nation? The fruitful centuries answer, "He has gained for himself a niche in the Temple of Fame granted to few." Was it worth while for William the Silent to confront hourly for years the most treacherous forms of death? In fervent thanksgiving the generations of liberty-loving heroes respond, "He has not suffered unrewarded. He has obtained for his countrymen that most precious boon, a nation's freedom to worship God." Was it worth while for the lowly Nazarene to experience pain, poverty, obloquy, disgrace, culminating in that most foul of judicial murders, the execution on Calvary? Angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, and all the innumerable hosts that guard the eternal throne, reply, "He has transcended all mortal and immortal deeds. He has achieved a world's salvation."

But higher than expediency is morality. Man owes a duty to his family and to his country which no personal considerations should tempt him to despise. In no respect can he better serve

them than by the manful endurance of suffering, and by the manifestation of courage, loyalty and zeal. Some of the finest heroism has been displayed by those dangerously sick. Instead of wilfully abandoning life because it is painful or burdensome, how much more sublime to suffer and to wait, exclaiming:

"Build thou more stately mansion, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

But to the Christian, life is a privilege, a responsibility, a stewardship. His times are in God's hands, not in his own. In the darkest hours of distress he pictures to himself no sensual Elysium the perfection of earthly pleasure, no heroic Valhalla of bravery, genius and worth, no Lethean Nirvana of soulless extinction—but the mansions of his Father's house where are the infinite possibilities of immortal being and of eternal love. Soothed by such dreams, he is content to await that Father's summons.

"Has he not, then, always treasures, always friends?
Three treasures hath he—love and light
And calm thoughts, equable as infants' breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker and the Angel Death."

SEA GRASSES FROM THE PACIFIC.

Sea grasses from the Pacific,
Fragrant with salt sea air,
With eloquence beatific
You smile in your tints so fair.

You have been kissed by the Sunset,
As he stole through Golden Gate,
When the rocks from the flowing tide were wet,

And the ships sailed into the purpling night,
All pennanted gaily with crimson light ;
And the flash and boom of the evening gun
Reëchoed the chant of the sinking sun,
 " It is growing, growing late."

You have been kissed by the Sunrise,
 As he rode on the wings of Morn ;
He wakened you with a glad surprise.
You have the stains of his soft red lips,
From crimson roots to pinkish tips ;
Ah ! tell me what he said to you,
As the waves were rolling the grottos through,
When he came wooing, wooing you,
That you are blushing now as red
As then you were—tell what he said
When from the fort at the mouth of the bay,
Reëchoed, to welcome the coming day,
 The clear ringing bugle horn,
" Morn is dawning, dawning, dawning."

Sea grasses, darlings of ocean,
 How tender has been his care !
Rocked with the great tide's motion ;
Fed by the rocks you overtwined ;
Lulled by the songs the old waves rhymed ;
Coral and shells your mates at play,
As you lightly danced on the billow's sway ;
While the shining fish came up to see
The dance you danced so beautifully ;
 Fair as the fabulous Mermaid's hair,
As fair in your death as in your life,
When the Sunrise wooed you to be his wife ;
Sea grasses from the Pacific,
 Sweet poems from ocean's pen,
In eloquence beatific,
 As fair as you were then.

LESLIE.

ABBOTSFORD.

There are few places in Scotland that have a deeper interest for the student of literature than the home of the author of *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth*. Galashiels, the small town where we chanced to be stopping, was not far from Abbotsford, and consequently we made no delay in visiting that place. Our ride to Abbotsford in the *machine*, as the vehicle that conveyed us was called, was through some delightful Scottish scenery, with tall and beautiful hedges flanking the roadside, while the sight of the flashing river along which we rode, and an occasional glimpse of a shaggy wood, completed a piece of rural scenery so thoroughly picturesque that it would have satisfied the eye of the best lover of nature. A gentle declivity from the public highway led us within the wall that surrounded the grounds, and, at once, that "romance in stone and lime" rose majestically before us. Its conical and gabled roofs, irregular projections, castellated turrets, grim-looking towers, and the odd shape of the whole building, gave it a very unique and unsymmetrical appearance. Various stones, cut with religious inscriptions and armorial symbols taken from old castles, have been placed at random all over the exterior of the manor. A pleasant walk through the grounds where Scott, during the last days of his sickness, was wont to be wheeled in his chair, and we cross the threshold of one of the most interesting places in bonny Scotland.

The first room that we chanced to enter displayed great artistic skill and beauty of arrangement. Sir Walter evidently loved to surround himself with the mementos of noble men and gallant warriors, for he has placed upon the walls of this room gleaming shields, swords, helmets, and various other weapons of warfare. Who knows but Scott clad his stalwart knight for the brilliant joust, or armed his warrior for the feudal fight, from those same old pieces of burnished steel that look down from

their places on the wall, as though they would hold solemn converse with us. Scott's study opens from this room. It looks very plain, with the large writing-desk, and the arm-chair with its well-worn leather, and the few books that cover the nakedness of the walls. But, at such a time, one seldom thinks whether his surroundings are rich or austere, elegant or homely. Perhaps some who read this simple article may have stood near the spot where a giant intellect has labored, and felt the strange thrill that steals over the body as thought follows thought, and life, with all its noble possibilities of doing good, slowly unfolds itself before the imagination, like an indescribable vision. Ah ! it makes one better to have a few such moments come to him in this world, even though our life should never rise above the prosaic, than never to have the eye lifted from the ground, or the mind carried above the soot and smoke of a chimney !

The next room we come to is the large and costly library containing about 20,000 volumes. One of the most interesting objects in the room, for us, was a superb silver urn, a present from Lord Byron to Scott. The armory comes next. This room is more replete than any of the others with curiosities. One might linger here a whole day and never weary of looking at the large collection that Scott has made. Here our eyes rest upon the musket used by the famous Rob Roy ; a cross that once belonged to the beautiful and unfortunate Queen Mary ; and the hunting-flask used by James VI. Wherever the eye turns, many relics, rich and rare, afford a feast for the mind. What historic pictures rise up before the imagination as one stands in that armory at Abbotsford ! Communicating with the armory is the large dining-room. The ceiling is pannelled in a rich and beautiful style, and the walls are covered with paintings. The table and the chairs that one finds in this room have such an odd and ancient look that one might imagine them to have wandered in from some old baronial castle, whose glory and renown departed with the tourney and with the bloody days of feudal strife.

Slowly and reluctantly we wended our way back to the *machine*, and in a few moments the grim towers and the gabelled roofs of the home of the "Wizard of the North" had disappeared from view.

H.

THOUGHT THE OBJECT OF EDUCATION.

The mind of the present has no more favorite pursuit than an inquiring into the causes of things, and a keen questioning of the utility of all schemes and transactions. Skepticism, religious, scientific and utilitarian, has become the distinguishing feature of the times; in so far as it is honest and earnest, to be welcomed, only to be frowned down as it transcends proper respect. Education, in common with all systems of long standing, is made the object of skeptical criticism, and many are raising the question, "Does the present system of collegiate education answer its purpose?" In utilitarian language, "Does it pay?" An affirmative answer requires a clear idea of the object of education. This may be broadly stated to be two-fold; first in importance, the formation of the habit of correct thought; second, such an acquaintance with recorded research and thought as shall furnish a basis for mental operations. Men become "educated" in two ways; properly by so developing their native powers and assimilating material that, when brought to confront the problems of a profession or business, their strength and fibre respond to the task in harmonious action. Knowing what has been done, how done, and by whom, *they do*; and *they do* in a certain way, because to that their natural bent impels them, judgment governing and guiding their inclination. Men become educated, in the common meaning of the term, when they have absorbed certain mental pabula, supposed, from long usage, to be proper nutriment for a growing mind. With these, a small dose

of ethical instruction is given, as the sulphur and molasses were in Dickens' school—it being eminently salutary. He, then, becomes most educated who digests most of mental provender, his grade of education being based upon the quantity taken and reproduced. Such education is the ancient custom of fattening goose-livers. Here brains are fattened; and, after patient stuffing, upon the final day the birds are served—and lo! what applause, when a brain which has imbibed all its fattening coop could afford, is displayed to delighted folk, with great pride of friends, stereotyped praise of dignitaries, brass bands, and reportorial eloquence!

To live is more than to exist. When a young man has lived four years among fellow men, reading them daily, as he reads the open book of Nature; reading himself, as his being unfolds; thinking earnestly the thoughts of life and death—twin mysteries which Father Time sends him; studying things to learn what they are, not so much what has been written about them; accepting patiently his existence as something with which, to be honorable with himself, he must do as well as possible—*then*, for four years he has been educated, and is ready to begin the higher education of active life. In a time of ostentation and glitter; when the transient and the trivial rule the hour; when Roman vices have brought the Republic of the West to Roman shame, what need more pressing than that of thinking men, and whence are these helpers to come but from the truly educated? Spoken against the superstition of ancient Paganism was the maxim, "Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, if any virtue, any praise, *think* on these things." We shall do well to employ the same antidote for the follies and corruptions of modern mammonism.

D.

THE POND IN THE FOREST.

We were friends. John Raymond was a dreamer; I was extremely practical. From our earliest boyhood, we had been companions. It was always John who planned, and I who executed. The tent under the old apple-tree had its birth in John's imagination; but the idea, as first confided to me, was a tent of bear-skins, with poles of rose-wood, straight as arrows. There were no rainy days in his conception of the life we were to lead when we had built it. We were to live in it all the summer, and to sleep upon the luxuriant grass. Our only food was to be numberless fishes, of enormous size, that were to be caught without trouble from the tiny orchard rivulet. To my practical mind, the bear-skins were the ideal representatives of an old awning from my grandfather's store, which I had found in some dark corner of the attic, and the rose-wood sticks, of some last year's bean-poles, which were scattered about the orchard.

So the tent was built, and many happy hours we spent there, John dreaming, and I interpreting the dreams into something that would bear the sunlight. Our food was more generally taken from the capacious pantry at home than from the brook, and we slept at night on something softer than the orchard grass. But my friend surrounded these prosy things with the veil of his dream, and they became as enjoyable to him as the reality. In everything that we did, he was my representative in the ideal world, and I was his in the real one. Even his boyish affection for little Kate, who was as great a dreamer as himself, would never have been suspected by her, had I not, in my blunt way, told her of it. As the years went by, I had the pleasure of seeing it ripen into something more. And I first began to consider a certain sprightly, coquettish girl as more than ordinary, when it had been revealed to me by my friend that in his world she and I were inseparable. The one who, looking over my shoulder at this moment, twits me of a love with such an origin,

is none other than that same coquette; but her raven locks are silvered now.

We grew above childish things, but our friendship remained as firm as ever. John's world became peopled with creatures other than ourselves—with beings existing only in his imagination. Hour after hour he would pour forth into my confiding ear tales wilder than the Arabian Nights, and to me they seemed more perfect. From his study in the attic, I would go home in the night, sometimes trembling and starting at every shadow, and at others feeling as though the shooting stars were angel's coronets, and that as their wearers flew through space, the mysterious chords that bind the worlds together were swept by angelic wings, and thence there issued music such as ne'er was heard from earthly sources, for the instrument was the universe of the Creator, and the performers were the hosts of heaven. All these incantations had been wrought by a mere wave of the dreamer's wand.

But the time arrived when we must part. I was to go forth into the broad west to engage in business. On the afternoon preceding my departure, John and I took our last stroll in the forest that we had so often visited together. It was an early April day, and the sun was shining brightly on the forest path, revealing, here and there along its border, some tiny tuft of grass that had gently pushed aside the brown leaves, or, by its warmth, uplifting the delicate cups of the arbutus toward the sky. We sat down on the dead leaves by the edge of a forest pool. The water was an inky black, gradually shading toward the edge into a lovely amber. A half-rotted log lay in the pool, with its few mosses growing greener under the spring sunshine; and showing white above the blackness of the water was the skeleton of some animal, whose only tomb had been the pond. All around the edge stood the bare trunks of the forest trees, with their skeleton branches meeting in a dome above the dark surface. The place would have been very gloomy without the sunshine; but it was eminently suited to our mood of hope and

sadness. After the manner of bosom friends, I told John all my plans for the future, and he, by a few magic touches, gave to them such proportion and grandeur as I had never dared even to dream of. We had been silent for a long time after I had ceased speaking, for John was lost in one of his reveries. Suddenly arousing himself, and speaking rather to the passing clouds, and spirits of the wood, than to me, he said :

"And I will marry Kate, and we will live deep in some glen, where our only companions will be our books and the trees and birds. There, far from the bustle and cares of the world, we will come into the closest friendship with Nature. In the spring-time the opening buds will whisper to us the mystery of birth. Throughout the long summer days we will learn the lessons of life ; the lovely wild rose, blighted in its prime, will give up its secret to our sympathizing ears, and the rank weed standing beside it, and growing stronger by its death, will explain to us some of the ways of Providence that seem so dark. The ripening fruit, with every changing glow, will tell some new principle of success. And when the autumn comes, the leaves, as they float to the earth, will reveal the mystery of mysteries, Death. As the years go by, we will put these whisperings in a poem, and the rythm will be strange and grand, for its every accent will be a beat of Nature's heart. Into this pool the life-blood of all these forest-leaves, and the violets and arbutus has run, and in its dark depths all their secrets are locked. To you the pool looks black and forbidding ; but I see, floating upon its inky waters, like a great water-lily, a flower chariot, and in it stand innumerable happy spirits. They are the souls of the dead flowers and leaves ; and, gazing down into the dark pool upon the story of their past existence, each one joyfully waves a shining crown as the mystery of its life is cleared away. Our poem will be like the pool, and in the beautiful flower-barge which we will weave, many sad and weary ones will float above the dark enigmas of life, and, having penetrated into some of their secrets, they will go forth again into the struggle encouraged and strengthened. Men will

praise the authors of the poem, and we will go down to our graves with the blessings of the nations upon us, and our names will live forever."

The dreamer ceased, and we went home in silence. I dared not touch, with my rude hand, the lovely bubble with its rainbow hues, for I knew I would shatter my friend's most cherished idol.

We parted, and forever. At one time he wrote that he was at school; again that he had married Kate, and had gone to the city to fill some third-rate position in journalism. Then our correspondence ceased, and thereafter all I heard of him was indirectly. Now and then, floating through the newspapers, I would find some stray bit of poetry, bearing my friend's signature. It was always sad and shadowy; it was like the attempt of a captive bird to sing the songs of his free, forest home, yet ending the strain with a pitiful cry.

Many years had passed since our parting, when one day I chanced to read the notice of the publication, in book form, of a long poem by John Raymond, and then followed a critical review of it. There was no word of praise in the whole article. The burden of the criticism was that the author was an ambitious dreamer of the worst type; his dreams were mere visions, phantasms without significance or interpretation. There were even hints as to the sanity of a man who would write such worthless "trash." The article was by a prominent critic, and in a leading paper. I knew the book was doomed.

A few months later, in an obscure corner of the same publication, there appeared a ten line paragraph informing the public that John Raymond, a newspaper writer of ordinary ability, had mysteriously disappeared, and it was supposed that he had committed suicide. The causes assigned were the failure of his book to gain attention, and the death of his beloved wife, which occurred soon after.

The following summer I re-visited my native place. Old memories came thick and fast with the sight of old scenes, and

every memory was haunted by the spirit of my friend. In the village bookstore, covered with dust, I saw a few copies of his unsuccessful work, packed in the same box in which his hand had placed them, in the hope that perhaps his old friends would buy them for his sake. I surprised the aged shopkeeper by purchasing them all, but the tear that rolled down my cheek restrained his questioning.

That afternoon, with one of the volumes in my hand, I wandered into the old wood and sat down by the forest pool to read. It was the same wild fancy, with its undertone of sadness and despair, that I had noticed in his shorter pieces. Again and again he seemed to break his bonds only to return to their power. The closing lines were the last wail of a captive soul and a breaking heart. I shut the book, and dreamingly gazing on the surface of the dark waters, my eyes fell upon a solitary water-lily. Its great white petals, purple-tipped, formed themselves into a lovely fairy barge. A sunbeam strayed through the leafy dome and fell upon the beautiful chalice. Above its blushing lips danced and sparkled a thousand reflected rays. Surely the spirits of the dead flowers and leaves were waving crowns of gems! My friend's vision was revealed to me, and I would pluck the flower and keep it as the seal of our eternal sympathy. The forked stick that I tried to entangle in its roots fastened upon something, I knew not what. Gently I pulled it toward the shore, and the flower came floating just as slowly over the black waters. A sudden pull, and on the dead leaves and the green grass lay a ghastly skeleton, and round the place where once had beat a noble heart were twined the rootlets of the water-lily. From one bony finger a gold ring fell, and engraved in it I read the name, *John Raymond*.

Sometime ago, in a well-known Review, I read an article in praise of the long-neglected poem. Since then I have seen many other notices commending it, and my friend's name is fast becoming famous. John Raymond's heart, though turned to dust, is

springing up into a new life, and budding into a lasting glory.
The water-lily blossomed not upon the surface of the dark poo
until the heart that gave it birth had ceased to beat.

DROCH.

A GRAVE UNDERTAKING.

"Fond of funerals? Yes, rather. There were none
In Digtown she did not attend.
She laughed till she cried
The first hearse she espied,
And they thought she was out of her mind;
How blind!
How unkind!

"She had wandered the earth like the Wandering Jew,
Sought a man to her own funny taste;
Neither butcher, nor baker,
But a dark undertaker,
Who had death's slow tread and pale look,
She took
To her hook.

"They are happy, I ween, and sing dirges together,
And he tells her the tale of his life,
About coffins and bones,
Corpses, death, dying groans,
While she laughs and she croaks
At his jokes.
Funny folks!"

P.

VOICE OF THE ALUMNI.

PULPIT ETHICS.

One of the most characteristic signs of the times is the feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction which young men, especially, manifest toward the current religious teaching of the day. In many instances this feeling works out into open skepticism, and is attended with a defiant throwing off of all moral restraint. But in more instances than the average preacher knows, or cares to consider, it is the deeply religious soul, in whom "all reverence dwells," that recoils from the conventional ideals and the popular motives which are held up to induce men to live a religious life. Call it skepticism, call it rationalism, stigmatize it by whatever name you will, the fact remains that there are many such young men, that their numbers are on the increase, and that they are very largely represented among students in colleges. Such a fact imperatively demands recognition, appreciative and tolerant recognition, from all who assume to be teachers of youth. Admitting as true, what cannot be gainsayed, that this inward protest exists in the minds of a growing class, and that it leads some to skepticism, the question arises: Is the fault all on the part of these young men? Is it altogether due to the depravity of the human heart, to the unsavoriness of spiritual truth to the palate of the natural man? Is it wholly because simplicity of feeling has been perverted by vain philosophy, or the childlikeness that ought to characterize a renewed man, spoiled by the conceits of rationalism? These are the causes ordinarily assigned, but is it not barely possible that there are

imperfections on the other side? It may be that the current religious ideal, as presented in the ordinary sermon, falls short of the moral aspirations of men. It may be that the motives appealed to by the average evangelical minister, honest and zealous as he is, are not the highest and noblest motives we are capable of. It would be sad indeed if the moral and social impulses were to rise up in judgment against the current religious teaching and condemn it as low and mercenary.

What are the moral traits that claim the suffrage and call out the reverent admiration of the world? The noblest aspirations of human nature, as imaged in our best literature, have long since left behind the low ideals both of Hedonism and Utilitarianism. Shakespeare has never been accused of being a dreamer; his dramas portray life in its breadth, truth and reality; the ideals that he incarnates are, therefore, men and women of like passions with ourselves. What, then, does he present as the realizable type of man and woman? Self-forgetfulness and a will to suffer for the well-being of others, constitutes the very aroma of womanhood in Shakespeare. Not the least taint of mercenary motive deforms the picture. His conception of the noble man is not so easily defined; but a very limited acquaintance with his plays suffices to show that all interested self-seeking is associated with a low standard, while the manly character who bespeaks our approbation is generous, brave, and capable of heroic sacrifice for his fellows. These ideals have been worked out and perfected in the best post-Shakespearean literature. They pervade its spirit and give color and tone to its delineations of character and life.

The literature of an age is a faithful mirror of its current feeling and sentiment. If we leave the ideals of literature and descend, or ascend, into the atmosphere of actual life, what do we find to be the principles on which social character is formed? Is not the ground-stone of the social fabric laid in sympathy, on the generous impulse of man to help his fellow-man? Who, but an arrant Hobbian, would admit that selfishness, or a desire

for personal ease and convenience, is the mainspring of society? The lovely social character is found in the man or woman whose soul, inspired by generous and patriotic motives, holds itself ready to spend and be spent in the service of humanity. Such characters, and the actions that spring from them, not only claim our admiration but are held up by our moral teachers as models for imitation. That the social ideal is growing higher and purer is an admitted fact. The man who shows himself incapable of public spirit, and who regulates his life by strictly selfish principles, is set down as a social failure and a nuisance; whereas the patriot and the philanthropist stand forth as nature's noblemen.

Every step in the social elevation of the race is preceded, consciously or unconsciously, by an advance in its standards of morality. Moral principles are the true grounds of action. Glance a moment at the history of ethical systems, and you will see that there has been a constant progress. None but the lowest types of humanity now advocate the doctrines of Epicurus. Utilitarianism has refined and refined till it has forgotten the maxim with which it started out. The rival theories now contest the palm for disinterestedness, both repudiating all merely prudential or mercenary motives. "Be good for the love of goodness." "Do right because it is right." What higher standards could we desire? These moral principles, working like leaven in the mass of humanity, have wrought out our noble literature, created our moral and social ideals, and not rarely have incarnated themselves in the experience of a noble life. This we call Christian ethics, Christian literature, Christian character—and rightly, too, for is not the source and inspiration of it all contained in that Life of lives, and has it not all flowed from this one life as a stream from its fountain?

It will be admitted by all that morality and religion should harmonize. A principle which is wrong in ethics cannot be right in religion. It would be sad, indeed, were there any antagonism found to exist between the moral ideals in Christian

life and character, and the current motives by which religious doctrines are enforced. Is it not the mission of the pulpit to elevate men to the plane of high Christian character, and how can this end be attained unless the claims of religion are made to rest on the very highest moral basis? That many homilies cannot stand so severe a test is manifest. The preacher comes before a body of young men who are, as a rule, callous to fear, but plastic as wax under a generous impulse, and dilates for an hour on the rewards that await the Christian in the future life, while his "bituminous rhetoric" is tested to the uttermost in portraying the miseries of the lost. Not one word as to the intrinsic nobleness of a Christian life, or the hatefulness and deformity of a sinful life. But the idea of rewards and punishments is brandished persistently before the minds of the young as the *primary* motive in religion. The same idea is wrought out more subtly, but not less really, in the probationary theory of our existence here. The intention here is not to deny the truth of any of these things. In a certain high sense, all existence is probationary, and it seems to be written in the constitution of the universe that virtue and sin shall reap their legitimate reward. But is it not false morality to make the consequences of actions the primary motives for doing or avoiding them? And how can what is false in morals be true in religion? Is this not to create an unnatural antagonism between morality and religion? The truth is, that our current methods of religious instruction took form and crystallized at a time when the selfish ethics of Paley held sway in all the schools. His system thus became the basis of our religious conceptions, and the homily of the preacher took shape from its precepts. The rejection of Paley's morality ought to have been followed by a revolution in religious teaching. Such a revolution has in fact been slowly progressing, but many of our most zealous preachers go on, from year to year, unconscious of the contradiction, advocating a high and unselfish morality from which a supreme regard for consequences is rejected as pernicious, while at the same time they

reinstate the rejected principle as the primary motive in all their appeals. Religion thus comes to be associated in the youthful mind with a low moral standard, and dissatisfaction and unbelief are the natural results. Surely the pulpit can find nobler grounds on which to found its claims. It is admitted in ethics, and ought to be in religion, that this eternal harping on the chords of hope and fear tends to produce a low, mercenary and slavish type of character. The spirit of Christianity is the diametrical opposite of all this. True religion is the crown and flower of the highest morality, and, as incarnated in its Divine Exemplar, presents the loftiest type of character that has ever been conceived. Shall we deliberately forsake the higher ground and rest the claims of religion on self-interest? Surely not. And yet this is virtually done by many even of our most eminent religious teachers. The evil is not radical, but it is serious, and every man who feels called to present the claims of religion to his fellow men ought to ask himself the question, whether it is not high time that Paleyism, so long ago ejected from our ethics, were also expurgated from our creeds and sermons.

COLLEGIAN.

life and character, and the current motives by which religious doctrines are enforced. Is it not the mission of the pulpit to elevate men to the plane of high Christian character, and how can this end be attained unless the claims of religion are made to rest on the very highest moral basis? That many homilies cannot stand so severe a test is manifest. The preacher comes before a body of young men who are, as a rule, callous to fear, but plastic as wax under a generous impulse, and dilates for an hour on the rewards that await the Christian in the future life, while his "bituminous rhetoric" is tested to the uttermost in portraying the miseries of the lost. Not one word as to the intrinsic nobleness of a Christian life, or the hatefulness and deformity of a sinful life. But the idea of rewards and punishments is brandished persistently before the minds of the young as the *primary* motive in religion. The same idea is wrought out more subtly, but not less really, in the probationary theory of our existence here. The intention here is not to deny the truth of any of these things. In a certain high sense, all existence is probationary, and it seems to be written in the constitution of the universe that virtue and sin shall reap their legitimate reward. But is it not false morality to make the consequences of actions the primary motives for doing or avoiding them? And how can what is false in morals be true in religion? Is this not to create an unnatural antagonism between morality and religion? The truth is, that our current methods of religious instruction took form and crystallized at a time when the selfish ethics of Paley held sway in all the schools. His system thus became the basis of our religious conceptions, and the homily of the preacher took shape from its precepts. The rejection of Paley's morality ought to have been followed by a revolution in religious teaching. Such a revolution has in fact been slowly progressing, but many of our most zealous preachers go on, from year to year, unconscious of the contradiction, advocating a high and unselfish morality from which a supreme regard for consequences is rejected as pernicious, while at the same time they

reinstate the rejected principle as the primary motive in all their appeals. Religion thus comes to be associated in the youthful mind with a low moral standard, and dissatisfaction and unbelief are the natural results. Surely the pulpit can find nobler grounds on which to found its claims. It is admitted in ethics, and ought to be in religion, that this eternal harping on the chords of hope and fear tends to produce a low, mercenary and slavish type of character. The spirit of Christianity is the diametrical opposite of all this. True religion is the crown and flower of the highest morality, and, as incarnated in its Divine Exemplar, presents the loftiest type of character that has ever been conceived. Shall we deliberately forsake the higher ground and rest the claims of religion on self-interest? Surely not. And yet this is virtually done by many even of our most eminent religious teachers. The evil is not radical, but it is serious, and every man who feels called to present the claims of religion to his fellow men ought to ask himself the question, whether it is not high time that Paleyism, so long ago ejected from our ethics, were also expurgated from our creeds and sermons.

COLLEGIAN.

VOICE OF THE STUDENTS.

ELECTION OF EDITORS.

Change is an essential to reform, in everything. In politics, both laws need change, and the framers of them. Not that the *LIT.* has degenerated, do we advocate the proposed plan of electing editors. But the purpose of the *LIT.*, as one has stated, is not to furnish the current College news, but the means of testing the literary ability of the College, and to afford students an opportunity of training themselves for a literary sphere. Should one, from past issues, judge of our literary ability, he would doubtless do us an injustice. Why? The articles written are not always by those who can wield the pen, but they are too often the accounts of some enthusiastic traveller, while occasionally do articles appear from the pen of those who are only too proud to see "wishy-washy" ideas under their *nom de plume*. Such literary pride is never scoffed at.

That the *LIT.* may accomplish this high end, may be the educator and reflector of our literary ability, the best literary men must direct it. We must elect not merely the fellow who has a "literary turn of mind," but one who has tact, who has ability to condense in the fewest words possible the most elaborate thoughts, whose wit will be brief, and whose knowledge will be tempered with discrimination. "Words tell." They have a power. But they need a stern master, and such master the *LIT.* needs.

We favor the plan of editors electing their successors, as the best means of electing such men. It is the shame of our present system that many men of ability will not write unless goaded

on by the editors, or the nearness of an election. In the new electoral plan, we have the remedy for this great drawback. Let one know that unless he shows literary ability in his contributions, he will never become an editor, and immediately interest will be aroused, the brain, mayhap, will be racked; earnest work, at least, will result. The witty man again will tickle the ear, the poet will please, and the logician puzzle. Contributions must increase in merit. The College papers must grow more interesting and valuable. As a College, we must add a stride to our previous advance in literature.

In this way, we may be sure that the literary ability of the College will be exhibited and trained. Beyond a doubt, men will be elected who will not enter the editorial sanctum as green hands, requiring months to learn the art of writing. Election to an editorship will become a greater honor. You will not then depend on your friends, but on yourself. To each it will be a prize of which he may be proud. All can realize that the position is merited.

Who object to such a plan? Surely no honorable man, conscious that he cannot fill the place, desires to be an editor. Then why oppose this plan for selfish motives? Popularity does not make one great; nor does the appearance of one's name at the head of a paper make one a writer. Should there, as some have said, be danger that Hall influence and personal friendship will influence the judgment of electing editors, let a returning board be chosen, composed of an equal number from all classes, which may accept or reject the nominations. Unjust as this accusation is, some present it. Drowning men grasp at straws.

We, in this system, see a means of elevating our College literature. To the wise, a word in season is sufficient. A way of relief pointed out to him in trouble is enough. Shall our eyes be bandaged and ears closed, and we sit down hoping that things will improve? Or, shall everything be born anew, each man become a reformer and helper, and the mouths of those who continually growl at uninteresting editors be closed forever?

*

ELEVEN HUNDRED WORDS.

Most severe criticism was passed on the subjects of the orations delivered at the last Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest. The charge was to a large extent a true one, and might be applied with equal justice to the majority of the speeches in our annual Junior Oratorical Exhibition. It is undeniable that most of them are of a very ordinary kind—even for Juniors. We do not seek to account for all the causes which lead to this result. One of them can be found in the caption of this article. Eleven hundred words is the limit allowed to these productions. That this number is too small we think will be apparent to any one who will give the subject a moment's thought. This limiting the length of the orations tends either to narrow the choice of subjects to a very small compass, or leads to superficial treatment. Moral topics have to be chosen almost from necessity. Plati- tudes, generalities, truisms, are the inevitable result. With most men, to borrow a figure from Lowell, the treatment of moral subjects is like mixing a good deal of gravel with very few strawberries. There are those who can handle such themes, but you find very few of them among young collegians. If this error is avoided, another, equally pernicious, is met with—super- ficial treatment. Suppose the subject to be well chosen, what opportunity is afforded for any broad philosophical view? Take, for example, the Maclean oration for the class of '76, "Thiers," a grand subject, worth reading and thinking much about. But how meagerly, how unsatisfactorily, is it dealt with. We are not condemning the writer of this particular oration, but the system which forced him to restrict the discussion of his theme within such small limits. He was compelled to hint, where he should have argued; to state, where he ought to have discussed. Contrast with this an oration delivered last year in another College, on Carlyle. Difference in men and training, you say. Grant it, but you do not give the one an opportunity to show

what he can do. I am aware that conciseness of expression is a much-needed quality, but this is not to be purchased at the risk of clearness, or at the price of superficiality. The "eleven-hundred-word" system may have given us smooth diction, well-balanced sentences, high moral epithets, but it has been woefully deficient in bringing forth anything deeper. A distinguished New England Professor said, the other day, "What the young men in our Colleges lack is not how to write, but what to write." Talk, not thought, seems to take the preëminence. That this is the case with us, a casual reading of the Maclean orations will satisfy the most incredulous. Probably one of the best is that which was furnished by the class of '77. Yet this is more than *one-third* beyond the limit allowed, and a careful reading shows that a fuller discussion, in several places, would have added much to its clearness. A change is needed. Let us have fewer speeches—say six—but do not restrict them to a limit which neither our predecessors nor we are able to bear. It is an admitted fact that many, I do not say all, of those who "take J. O.'s" never evince any alarming literary capabilities during the remainder of their collegiate course. It is often difficult for many of them to write anything suitable for the College papers. There is a vast difference in the kind of writing required for a speech, and an article, but we hardly think it sufficient to account for this phenomenon. Whether this is so or not, we leave the reader to infer. The point here insisted on is, that our present system fails often to bring out the best men, or to give them an opportunity to show of what they are capable. May not the "eleven-hundred-word" restriction be somewhat to blame?

A.

EDITORIALS.

IT IS ADVISABLE, we think, for an entirely new Board of Editors to briefly explain any changes they may have made, either in principle or management, and to foreshadow as much as possible their future course, thus forming a standard by which they wish to be judged.

The present board, in changing the *LIT.* again into a monthly, has been actuated only by the motive of benefit to all interested. It appeared to be the universal desire of the Class from which they were elected, as well as of the College at large, that such a change should be made. The reason that had especial weight with us was, that there was a growing lack of sympathy with the *LIT.* among the students; while they were justly proud of their periodical, they seldom read it. They seemed to worship it afar off, and in token of their great reverence, they prefixed the title "venerable" to its already lengthy name.

By the above change, we hope to overcome this obstacle. A more frequent intercourse between our magazine and the students will, at least, tend to excite a livelier interest in its welfare. The *LITERARY DEPARTMENT* will be shortened not so much in the number of its articles as their length; the *VOICES* will have more to do with contemporary interests; the *OLLA-POD.*, by its more frequent appearance, and through new facilities in printing, can present reports of College news to within a day or two of its publication. In order to induce those to contribute to our columns whose tastes incline them to writing more imaginative than ordinary College literature, we extend a hearty welcome to their productions. We have introduced a new feature, which we

hope will interest our readers. It differs from somewhat similar departments in other College papers, since its aim will be to give a more connected and spicy account of College doings than can be presented by mere clippings.

It is not our desire, in making these changes, to reflect any discredit upon the board that has preceded us; our wishes are only for the welfare of our periodical. We desire, while making these changes, to maintain the standard for literary merit which our magazine has always held among College publications, and it is our intent by them to secure that sympathy and support from the mass of the College students which the LIT. needs and deserves.

In offering to the College our LIT. PRIZES, we mean that the competition shall aim to reward every competitor, by giving him practice in writing. For this reason, we refuse to receive any essay that has entered before; we wish it, as far as we have power to govern it, to be written expressly for that prize for which it is entered. Mere changes of construction, transpositions, or corrections of errors do not alter the individuality of the essay, but leave it, to our judgment, the same. It will, therefore, not be admitted. To give, also, a chance to other merit, we have resolved that any one who has taken one of our essay prizes shall be ineligible to compete again while the LIT. is in our hands. This, it will be seen, would allow a student, during a four years' course, the opportunity of taking five prizes. Honorable mention will be conferred upon the second-best essay, if it is deemed deserving, but *we do not hold ourselves bound to publish it*. With these regulations, we hope to see many more compete. This department commends itself to the students for a generous support, while the editors feel that by reducing the length allotted to the essay, there will still be space for a good display of rhetoric and thought.

SEVERAL ARTICLES have lately appeared in *The Princetonian* advocating a new method of electing editors ; and an article opposing it has also been published. In the "Voice of the Students," of this issue, will be found another able defence of the proposed plan, with many strong arguments, as reasons for the support thus given. It is written by a member of the Sophomore Class, which Class would be the first affected by the new method.

So much has been written, and well written, of the advantages of this plan theoretically, that in this article we shall only aim to present the outlines of a method which can be carried into practical operation in the election of LIT. editors, and which, we think, will answer all the great objections which have been raised, in so far as they apply to the choice of editors for this magazine.

THE LIT. is "conducted by the Senior Class," as is stated on the title page. Its success is the honor of the Class ; its failure is their disgrace. To the Seniors, the Board of Editors look for their greatest support, and if there is a deficit, it is made up from the Class-day fund. Since this is so, it is urged, and with great force, that the Class who bear the burden should have a voice in the selection of those on whom success or failure depends.

It is furthermore argued, that if a certain clique once obtain the control of the paper, they will elect men of the same clique as their successors ; or, if men who have a certain style of writing predominate on the board, the magazine will retain for years that same tone, whether good or bad, and there will be no way open by which to correct this defect.

To obviate the above difficulties, it is evident that the vote is needed of the large body of students who compose the Class which the editors represent. In order that this corrective element may be introduced, we propose that the retiring board shall nominate from their contributors a number of writers whom they deem best fitted for the position. The nominees should be more than the number to be chosen, say twelve, and it might be

well to present them in the order of their merit. From these, the Class shall choose, in the ordinary way, the required number of editors. If, however, the nominees are unsatisfactory to the Class, and do not include some whom they think worthy, they may, by a two-thirds or three-fourths vote, whichever shall be hereafter decided upon, elect any of their number editors.

This plan, simple as it is, we think not only does away with the above objections, but presents many positive advantages. By it the Class are given a voice in the selection of their own editors. Their vote is, moreover, a check upon any clique or class of men who may constitute the retiring board; and, on the other hand, the large vote required to elect one who is not a regular nominee, prevents any combination that may exist in the Class from ruling the election. This also does away with the power of Hall favoritism, as it is seldom that either Society contains three-fourths of the men in a Class.

We might write much more as to the benefits of this plan, but deem the foregoing enough. Contributions are earnestly solicited for or against this new method, especially from the Class whose interests are particularly affected by it. The matter demands immediate attention, and should soon be put to vote, so that, if carried, men may have sufficient time in which to compete.

ON ANOTHER PAGE mention is made of the fact that the LIT. extends a hearty welcome to all contributions of an imaginative or fictitious character. As this is something of an innovation, a few words more may not be out of place. The intention is *not* to establish a new department, but to introduce articles of this character into the regular literary department of the magazine, where they properly belong. The change is instituted for the benefit and interest of both contributors and readers, and its success depends upon the reception they give it. If the College

readers show a liberal interest in honest efforts of this kind, men who have an inclination to this style of writing will be encouraged to work; or, on the other hand, if earnest work is done by the contributor, such an interest will be created among the students. The *LIT.*, therefore, consigns its new venture to the hands of the College, and they may make of it either a lively feature of our paper, or blot it out with the present issue.

Some hints to those who, perchance, will endeavor to contribute their aid to make it a success, may be advisable. Our invitation is a broad and inclusive one. It is limited to neither prose or verse, sketch or fiction, fancy or passion. If you are haunted by some striking analogy or symbolism, whereby the worlds of nature and humanity are bound together, put it in the fanciful words that best express it. If, in your life-journey, some odd character has impressed himself upon you, sketch him briefly and pointedly, in good Anglo-Saxon, and let others appreciate and enjoy his oddities with you. It is in this field of character-sketches that we look for the best results. They can be short, to suit our space, and yet complete and finished. They have a wide scope, ranging from the highly pathetic or tragic to the ridiculous; and they will especially interest, because man's greatest study is himself. But don't send us any dreams; the board unanimously voted to exclude any such, knowing them to be more frequently the product of a bad digestion than of the imagination.

We would ask our critics to deal leniently with any ventures of this kind that may appear. The ordinary College essay is of a type that reaches its perfection in College, and is judged accordingly; but when a young writer ventures into the field where the imagination rules, then his productions are of a type in which excellence can only be attained by long practice and patient work, with an underlying basis of genius. It is, therefore, as earnest attempts that we wish such articles criticised.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

The annual elocutionary farce, (*dramatis personæ*, the members of the Junior class,) is now being enacted in the Chapel.

After one of the late College championship games, the officiating professor in Chapel prayed that "we might make no errors." Amen! Amen!

Prof. Macloskie and lady are to visit the "ould sod" this summer.

FRESHMAN PRIZE SPEAKING—Clio Hall—G. H. Rice, N. Y., first, and Paul Van Dyke, N. Y., second. Whig Hall—R. R. Shellabarger, D. C., first, and Rob't Haddow, Can., second.

LYNDE DEBATE APPOINTMENTS—Clio Hall—T. C. Beattie, N. J., W. S. McEachron, N. Y., and A. H. Wintersteen, Pa. Whig Hall—Preston Barr, Pa., Wm. Dulles, Pa., and G. W. Kretsinger, Cal.

David Stewart, Md., is '78's valedictorian.

Prof. Duffield has gone to the Presbyterian General Assembly, and the hearts of Junior and Sophomore mathematicians are full of serene resignation and prospects of a glorious loaf. Isn't there some vagrant heresy which demands the attention of others of our Profs.? We are willing to sacrifice them for the cause.

Scene, prominent ice cream parlor in town. *Dramatis Personæ*, smart Freshman and Mr. B. S. F., (to Mr. B.)—"I haven't eaten all the cake, and should like to have a 'draw-back.'" Mr. B.—"Sorry, but can't oblige you without a written request from your parent or guardian." S. F. hastily retires, and Mr. B. "scores one."

It is said that the "height of economy" is soon to be attained at the University Hotel, by the introduction of a Moffett Bell Punch for tooth-picks.

For some unknown reason the pleasant Tuesday evening readings by Prof. Murray have ceased. Those who attended, though in number small, thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the readings, and, we are sure, regret their discontinuance.

The following appeared in the *N. Y. Sun* of May 16th:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Will you please give me your advice on the following matter? I want to get married, and have only \$10 a week to live on. Can I in any way support a wife on this sum?"

"Or perhaps by publishing this letter some of your readers who had to commence life with a struggle would give me an idea of how they managed, and the sum they had to live on. Yours, R. H. M."

Suspicion points to a prominent member of the *Princetonian* board.

The Philadelphian Society, at a late meeting, elected R. A. Mayo, N. Y., to be leader of '78's farewell meeting, and W. Earl Dodge, N. Y., as president for next term.

For the benefit of their many customers in College, we would state that the firm of Messrs. A. Rumrill & Co. has been dissolved, and has been succeeded by Messrs. Jaques & Marcus. The place of business of the latter is, as will be seen from their advertisement on the first of the advertising pages, No. 41 Union Square, corner 17th street. There seems to be no danger of the reputation of the late firm suffering in the hands of its successors.

MESSRS. KINNEY BROS. desire the attention of the smokers in College called to their recently issued "smoker's guide." The advertisement of this firm may be found on page opposite table of contents.

THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA has given new evidence of its enterprise by inaugurating a series of public rehearsals which have been largely attended by the ladies and gentlemen interested in musical matters. These rehearsals occur on Thursday evenings, in the recitation-room in Dickinson Hall, occupied as a practice-room by the Orchestra and Glee Club. The Orchestra has been steadily enlarging its *répertoire*; recent additions have been made of a symphony, by Haydn, Herald's "Zampa," the March from "Tannhauser," an Aria from "Don Giovanni" and favorite waltzes. The players have worked faithfully in learning new music, and have fully merited, in their performances, the applause given them by their enthusiastic audiences. To accomplish the extra work required in giving short concerts frequently—for such the rehearsals have become—and to afford their friends a weekly musical treat, are acts of enterprise and courtesy which have made the organization justly a favorite in society. We sincerely hope that the loss of their leader, who graduates this year, will not check the progress of the Orchestra; he will be greatly missed as an able musician and thorough driller. Although self-dependent for instruction, the Orchestra has been an eminently successful organization, and we heartily wish it prosperity in the future.

The Glee Club, assisted by the Cranbury Cornet Band, gave a concert on the 16th, at Cranbury, N. J. The programme embraced the familiar selections of the Club, and was received by a good house.

THE GYMNASTIC CONTEST of the Senior Class took place on Saturday, May 11th, before a large audience. The performances were very creditable, and yet hardly, we thought, equal in excellence to those of former years. The contestants were: Messrs. Haines, Hess, Johnson, Mayo, Brown, McCorkle, Munson, Stewart and Van Dyke; in club swinging, Messrs. Bennett and C. L. Williams. The programme comprised exercise upon the Parallel Bars,

Rings, Horizontal Bar, Peg Pole, L'Échelle, Club Swinging, Tumbling, Dumb Bells, the Double Trapeze, and the Flying Trapeze. The performances were well applauded, and by none more warmly than by the gentlemanly members of the Harvard Nine, who occupied seats beneath a large crimson H, on the north side of the gymnasium. Special commendation of the contestants would be invidious, where all acquitted themselves so well. We therefore only say that the judges, Messrs. J. M. Taylor, '76, A. B. Turner, '76, and A. J. McCosh, '77, gave general satisfaction when they awarded the prize for Heavy Gymnastics, to Mr. Mayo; for Light Gymnastics, to Mr. McCorkle; for General Excellence, to Mr. Brown, and for Club Exercise, to Mr. Bennett. The presentation of the medals was made by President McCosh, in a short speech. Music was furnished by Grafulla's Seventh Regiment Band, of New York.

BASE BALL.—The University Nine has played three of its games for the College championship—two with Harvard, and one with Yale. The first of the games with Harvard was played on Friday, May 10th, and resulted in our overwhelming defeat. Our opponents played a strong fielding game, and batted well, while our own team became badly demoralized at almost every point of the in-field, and made but two base hits off Ernst's pitching. From the second inning, when Harvard scored three runs by errors of Hunt and Funkhouser, assisted by base-hits of Latham and Nunn, the result seemed a foregone conclusion, and the game was consequently devoid of interest. Of the Princeton Nine, the out-fielders played without an error, and Funkhouser, behind the bat, won applause by catching two consecutive foul-tips in the fourth inning. Of the Harvards, especial praise is due to—every player. Appended is the score:

PRINCETON.						HARVARD.							
	R.	O.	P.	B.	A.	E.		R.	O.	P.	B.	A.	E.
Hunt, B.,	0	4	1	0	1	7	Thayer, C.,	1	4	0	0	3	0
Karge, A.,	0	4	7	0	0	0	Tyng, H.,	0	5	12	0	0	4
Furman, P.,	0	3	1	1	2	3	Fessenden, L.,	0	4	1	0	0	0
Funkhouser, H.,	0	4	8	0	1	4	Ernst, F.,	1	1	0	3	1	1
Wigton, R.,	0	3	2	0	1	0	Holden, R.,	0	4	1	0	1	0
Dodge, M.,	0	1	3	1	0	0	Wright, A.,	2	2	11	2	0	0
Cutts, C.,	0	3	3	0	0	3	Alger, M.,	2	2	1	0	0	0
Clarke, L.,	0	3	1	0	0	0	Latham, B.,	1	3	1	2	2	0
Hamill, S.,	0	2	1	0	2	1	Nunn, S.,	1	2	0	2	2	0
Totals,	0	27	27	2	7	18	Totals,	8	27	27	9	9	5

First base on errors—Princeton, 2; Harvard, 9. First base on called balls—Princeton, 0; Harvard, 1. Total called balls—Furman, 21; Ernst, 22. Passed balls—Funkhouser, 3; Tyng, 3. Struck out—Princeton, 10; Harvard, 6. Left on bases—Princeton, 4; Harvard 9. Summary by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
HARVARD	0	3	0	2	0	0	2	1	0—8
PRINCETON	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Umpire—Mr. George H. Southworth, Riverton Club, N. J.

In the second game, our nine rallied bravely, and the contest was keen throughout, in spite of high wind, bitter cold, and showers of rain which twice

interrupted the playing. The fielding was the finest ever seen in a College game at Princeton. Long runs, good catches and neat stops, were frequently made, and, considering the wet, the errors were remarkably few. It was unfortunate for Princeton that the ball was rendered slippery and unmanageable while Harvard was *at the bat*, in the seventh inning. This circumstance rendered pardonable some of the fielding errors which let in three runs for Harvard. In the same inning, Mr. Funkhouser's hands became so badly bruised that he was obliged to retire, Mr. Snook taking his place behind the bat. The best playing was done by Latham, Nunn and Tyng, of the Harvard nine, and by Wigton, Kargé and Hunt, of the Princetons. Wigton raised great enthusiasm, in the third inning, by a lucky "one-handed, left-handed, back-handed" catch in far right-field, followed by a throw to Funkhouser which cut off Nunn in his attempt to run home from third base. The score was as follows:

PRINCETON.	R.	O.	P.	B.	A.	E.	HARVARD.	R.	O.	P.	B.	A.	E.
Hunt, B.,	0	4	1	2	1		Thayer, C., . . .	0	4	2	1	0	1
Funk'r a Snook, H. . .	0	3	7	0	2	4	Tyng, H., . . .	0	2	7	0	3	1
Dodge, M.,	0	4	1	0	0	0	Fessenden, L., . .	0	4	1	0	0	0
Furman, F.,	0	3	1	0	1	3	Ernst, F.,	0	4	0	0	0	0
Wigton, R.,	0	3	5	0	1	1	Holden, R.,	0	4	1	1	0	0
Kargé, A.,	0	3	7	1	1	0	Wright, A.,	0	2	5	1	0	1
Cutts, C.,	1	2	0	1	0	0	Latham, R., . . .	1	3	9	0	2	0
Clarke, L.,	0	2	1	1	0	0	Nunn, S.,	1	2	2	2	0	0
Hamill, S.,	0	3	1	0	2	1	Alger, M.,	1	2	0	1	0	1
Totals,	1	27	27	4	9	10	Totals,	3	27	27	6	7	4

First base on errors—Princeton, 3; Harvard, 4. First base on called balls—Princeton, 0; Harvard, 3. Total called balls—Furman, 27; Ernst, 13. Passed balls—Funkhouser and Snook, 3; Tyng, 0; Struck out—Princeton, 4; Harvard, 2. Left on bases—Princeton, 3; Harvard, 8. Summary:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PRINCETON,	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
HARVARD,	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0

Umpire—Mr. A. N. Dennison, Princeton, '78.

During the whole of their stay in Princeton the best of feeling was apparent between our Harvard friends and their entertainers.

The game with Yale was played on Wednesday, May 15th, and resulted in a victory for Princeton. Play was called at 12:15 P. M., with our opponents at the bat. As Mr. Funkhouser had been disabled in the second Harvard game, Mr. Snook played catcher, and the former gentleman short-stop. We had no reason to regret the change. Snook, in spite of his lack of practice, played gamely and well, except in the third inning, when all of his four errors were made. Hunt, at second base, covered his ground well, and played without an error, making several difficult stops and quick throws. Kargé, too, played with a clean score. Of the Yale nine, Hutchinson, Brown and Downer distinguished themselves. Carter's pitching was not up to its usual mark, and he more than lost in called balls what he gained in effectiveness. The Yale nine, as a whole, played weakly, as the score will show. In

this connection we cannot refrain from condemning, what has been so often referred to before, the inclination in those who witness our ball games with the teams of other Colleges, and Yale especially, to applaud the errors of our opponents. Princeton has enough *unjust* odium to bear, and can ill afford to have this further charge placed against her name.

PRINCETON.						YALE.						
	R.	O.	P.	B.	A. E.		R.	O.	P.	B.	A. E.	
Hunt, B.,	2	2	2	1	3	0	Hutchinson, S., . .	1	3	1	2	3
Funkhouser, S., . .	1	2	1	0	2	1	Parker, C.,	1	2	0	2	2
Dodge, M.,	0	5	0	0	0	1	Smith, M. & H., . .	1	3	5	1	0
Furman, F.,	0	4	0	0	0	0	Clarke, B.,	0	3	3	0	0
Wigton, R.,	0	4	0	0	0	0	Walden, R.,	0	4	0	0	0
Kargé, A.,	0	3	11	0	0	0	Downer, A.,	0	3	9	1	1
Snook, H.,	1	2	11	0	2	4	Brown, L.,	1	2	4	0	0
Clarke, L.,	1	1	2	0	0	0	Carter, F.,	0	3	1	0	2
Cutts, C.,	0	4	0	1	3	1	Ives, H. & M., . .	0	4	4	0	1
Totals,	5	27	27	2	10	7	Totals,	4	27	27	6	9

First base on errors—Princeton, 8; Yale, 1. First base on called balls—Princeton, 7; Yale, 2. Total called balls—Furman, 32; Carter, 39. Passed balls—Snook, 4; Ives and Smith, 8. Struck out—Princeton, 5; Yale, 10. Left on bases—Princeton, 9; Yale, 4. Summary:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PRINCETON	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	1	0—5
YALE	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0—4

Umpire—Mr. J. F. Duffield, Princeton, '76.

The most glaring weakness of our nine at present lies in the batting, as the scores show. This is a defect which may be remedied by careful coaching and constant practice, and we hope that Captain Furman, by affording these, will add another to the obligations of the College to him.

On Saturday, May 18th, the New Bedford nine visited Princeton for the purpose of playing us a game. They found us short of the services of our right and left fielders, and of Captain Furman's pitching. The result was such a drubbing as we hope never again to see administered to Princeton's Nine. Score, New Bedford, 14; Princeton, 1.

On the same day the Freshmen visited Pennington, N. J., and won an easy victory over the Nine of the Pennington Seminary. Runs—Pennington, 2; Freshmen, 16. Base-hits—Pennington, 5; Freshmen, 18. Errors—Pennington, 18; Freshmen, 8.

The third annual field meeting of the I. C. A. A. took place at Mott Haven, upon the 18th ult. There could not have been a finer day; it drew out not alone a large mass of students from the contesting Colleges, but many ladies and gentlemen from the city. The grounds of the New York Athletic Club are very good. It was only to be regretted that there was no awning to protect the backs of the visitors on the grand stand from an afternoon sun. When the passengers from the 1:30 P. M. train from New York had arrived, the games began. The games opened with the Standing Broad Leap, two contestants: Larkin, of Princeton; Lee, of University of Pennsylvania. Lee made

one jump of 9 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and resigned to Larkin, who scored 9 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$. There were two entered the One-Mile Walk: Eldridge, of Columbia, and Watson, of College of the City of New York. Eldridge immediately took the lead; at the half, he turned to look after his adversary, who was about a hundred yards behind him, and saluted him with a smile and a bow. This was easily won, in 7 min. $38\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The Putting of the Shot was contested between the representatives of Lehigh, Union, Dartmouth and Princeton. The first was, after six trials, taken by Larkin, with a score of 32 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches, while Wilson, of Dartmouth, came in well for second, at 32 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. There were two entered the Running High: J. P. Conover, of Columbia, and Heinz, of University of Pennsylvania, the former making a straight jump. Conover is very well built for jumping, and displays a remarkable amount of elasticity. He made a good first on 5 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the best amateur record in America. He made one trial at 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, but missed. There were five in the Half-Mile Run. After a good start, Simmons, of Harvard, led until, in the third round, Burton, of Columbia, spurred and passed him, crossing the line first, in 2 min., $8\frac{1}{2}$ sec.; Simmons second, 2 min. $9\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The Pole-Vaulting surpassed all expectations, it being remembered that the prize last year was taken at 7 feet and a half. It was hard to estimate the chances at the outset, but it soon became evident that the contest lay between Harra, of University of Pennsylvania, and Fabugon, of College of the City of New York, for first. Fabugon proved himself the best man. He made the excellent tally of 9 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Larkin, of Princeton, fell out at 8 feet and a half. Two trial heats then followed of the Hundred-Yards Dash. In the first heat, McNulty, of Union, won; time, $11\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Stuart, of College of the City of New York, and Flint, of Dartmouth, tied on second. In the next heat Lee, of University of Pennsylvania, was first; time, $10\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Waller, of Columbia, second. In the final heat between the above-mentioned five, Lee gained the first, on a record of $10\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The Running Broad was taken by Conover, of Columbia, who had gained the Running High; record, 19 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Withington, of Princeton, second; 18 feet 10 inches. In the Quarter-Mile Run, Simmons, of Harvard, led; Stewart, of Princeton, then passed him. In the brush, however, Burton, of Columbia, easily gained the first, and Simmons the second place. This was a very pretty race, there being only about the difference of a half second between the first and third man at the finish. Burton first; time $54\frac{1}{2}$ sec.. Larkin entered against Pryor, of Columbia, for Standing High, and took it at 4 feet $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches, Pryor ending at 4 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In the Two-Hundred-and-Twenty-Yards Dash, a foul was claimed after a time of $23\frac{3}{4}$ seconds had been announced for Lee. This was run over again, but Lee's opponents refused to enter, leaving the race to him at 25 seconds. There were four entries to the One-Mile Run, representing Princeton, Harvard, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania. The race was a very pretty one, almost all keeping their places until the last round, when Paton was passed by Hanks, of Harvard. Paton then regained his place, and in the spurt passed easily to

the first place, making an excellent record of 5 min. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Hurdle Race: Pryor, Columbia, and Hughes, of University of Pennsylvania. Pryor first; 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. In the Two-Mile Walk, Eldridge and Watson were the only entries. Watson started finely, but Eldridge soon passed him, and won in 16 min. 33 sec. Throwing the Hammer: five entries; two from Princeton, two from Columbia, and one from Dartmouth. Larkin and Blackwell, of Princeton, won this without difficulty. Larkin first; 76 feet 9 inches. Blackwell a good second; 75 feet 10 inches. The Hundred-Yard Dash, for graduates, was won by Duffield, of Princeton, in 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and the Graduates' One Mile Walk, by Parmly, of Princeton, in 9 min. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The games ended at about 5:55 P. M. For individual excellence, Larkin, of Princeton, bore off the honors, taking four first prizes and one third. Of the Colleges competing, Columbia took seven first prizes, and two seconds; Princeton, seven firsts and two seconds, counting the Graduates' Run and Walk. We must regret the inability of our Seniors to attend the games; as it is, it is hard to understand the motives of those who have expressed dissatisfaction with the organization. It will be seen that the records throughout, when the contestants were pushed, were remarkable; and the incitement, it is to be hoped, will be given to others to enter and try their skill. Our thanks should be tendered the judges and officers for the efficiency of their services.

Prof. Henry's death, which has been so greatly mourned throughout the country, has been especially grieved at Princeton, where so many of his great investigations were carried on. The Chapel exercises, on Sunday, were directed toward the sad event. In the morning, the Rev. Mr. Dod, of Hoboken, preached a sermon in which the life and services of the deceased scientist were graphically portrayed. A letter was read, written by Prof. Henry in April, in which he gave his opinions on the relation of Science and Religion, declaring his belief in the principles of Christianity. In the afternoon, Prof. Cameron, who was a pupil of Prof. Henry, gave some interesting reminiscences of the latter's professorship at Princeton. We hope, in our next issue, to be able to give a somewhat extended article on the life of Prof. Henry, especially his connection with our College.

WHIG HALL, May 17th, 1878.

WHEREAS, The American Whig Society has heard, with deep regret, of the death of one of her Honorary Members, Prof. Joseph Henry, late Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and a former Professor of the College of New Jersey; therefore,

Resolved, That in his death this Society loses a useful and illustrious member, and the country an eminent scientist, who, by his untiring zeal, has won for himself distinguished merit, and a foremost rank among scientific men.

Resolved, That the cordial sympathy of this Society be extended to his bereaved friends, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family.

Resolved, That the Hall be draped with the usual badge of mourning; and these proceedings be published in THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, *The Princetonian* and *The National Republican*.

By order of Society.

LYNN HELM,
S. A. HARLOW, } Committee.
CHAS. L. WEED, }

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

Of late years a new feature has crept into College journalism. Who were the first to father it, we know not, nor does it matter. Nearly every College paper devotes more or less space to the news and gossip at other Colleges. The reasons are not hard to guess; the subscribers demand it, and the editors favor it. To the former it is of some interest; to the latter it is too often the filling of space. (We wish to create no ill-feeling). Possibly, the Columbia student will be satisfied with no less than five or seven columns of *The Spectator's* "College World"—with an editorial from our home contemporary thrown in. Another journal presents its readers with a couple of columns bristling with facts and bald statements. Our friend *The Advocate* cribbs passages from the College papers, and makes "no bones" about admitting it—which is good; while our neighbor *The Spectator* does likewise, but omits to return thanks—which might be better.

Of examples calculated to arouse a variety of feelings, of pity and emulation, we have not a few. To what extent we shall profit, is a conundrum.

We have undertaken a new departure, without any particular consultation with anybody; so no one need feel obliged to refrain from adverse criticism. To him who fears that the LIT. is in danger of losing any of its time-accumulated weight and tone, we would say: "Be of good cheer, our literator; the reputation the LIT. has acquired, under our able predecessors, for intellectual solidity and 'heft,' hangs as an exceeding thick cloud about us, which no amount of insipidity in the *College Gossip*, or frivolity in the *Olla-pod*, can ever dissipate."

As a synopsis of first principles, we would state:

That our aim shall be to present a short, running, chatty account of what is going on in the College world.

That while we shall strive to be as "newsy" and enterprising as possible, yet we will endeavor to regard truth and facts with a favorable eye.

That we shall ever bear in mind that the readers of the LIT. are men of high culture, and hence we will labor to gracefully blend the ubiquity of the reporter with the literary refinement of the Princeton student.

That the barrenness of dry facts and statistics will be relieved, as far as our command of the English tongue will permit it.

That a few topics besides base-ball and athletics are to be regarded as legitimate objects of interest, even at this season of the year.

That a full narrative of everything that has happened, in every College from Maine to California, must not be expected in every number; and that (were such a thing possible) it were more to be deprecated than encouraged.

The following we advance as secondary principles—secondary, because we are fully aware of human depravity and weakness, and are unwilling to stake our reputation on their rigid observance:

That we shall manfully contend against the sin of “cribbing” (which doth so easily beset us); but in case we fall, we trust we shall have sufficient presence of mind to acknowledge all extracts.

That it is by no means certain that events of interest transpire at Yale and Harvard exclusively, and that they alone possess all the “balm in Gilead.”

Finally, we would give notice that our first attempt, though in a measure “the substance of things hoped for,” is mainly but a slight “evidence of things not seen,” as yet.

N. B.—All suggestions and criticisms will be cordially received, and promptly referred to the fighting editor who is in constant training at the Gym.

With this exordium we would make our bow, and, trusting that our acquaintance will be both pleasant and profitable, we begin our labors.

The *University of California* is, so far, represented on our table by *The Berkeleyan* only—a representative in every way worthy of the institution. For matters of news it is very far from being sensational. It seems that the *U. of C.* is having “an experience” in regard to the “grading system.” The symptom manifested is neither original nor interesting. Happily our organs have been spared a full discussion of that exhaustless topic this year. However, we shall discourage no discussion. It can do no harm, and it never, within the memory of man, has been known to have done any good. There is no topic upon which the under-graduate waxes more feelingly eloquent and pathetic, and certainly none for which the average professor manifests more sublime indifference. We see that the Cornell under-graduate also comes along for our sympathy. Take it, and let the good work wag nobly on. It may be of interest to our Lynde Debaters to know that “two or three new features” have been introduced into the “Inter-Society Debate” at the *U. of C.* The speeches have been limited to thirty minutes each, and unfortunately but one opportunity is given to “set forth views.” It also makes not the slightest difference whether the debaters attend in person; as, when Mr. McN. is absent, Mr. McH. kindly consents to read his speech, which answers just as well. Mr. F. attempted the ridiculous experiment of speaking without memorizing, and his temerity meets with but a partial success. An “enlivening feature was the singing between the several parts of the debate,” but whether of sacred or carnal songs it is not stated. To what particular phase of athletics the youth of the “Pacific Slope” are addicted, we have yet to learn.

The following statement in the *Athenæum*, to wit, that “during the present year no disturbance of a serious nature has occurred to mar the serenity of

life at Williams" is, of course, *prima facie* evidence that there must have been no inconsiderable disturbance there. "Presence of mind and absence of body," runs the "World Fables," "are sure to save us from many accidents;" so too total abstinence from comment and severity of silence should be exercised in all matters of "dirty linen." We congratulate the editors for refraining from devoting the entire number to proving that "nothing at all" had happened at Williams. Let *The Princetonian* follow suit.

The *Seminary of our Lady of Angels*, and the name, by far, is the most remarkable feature about it, is better known when identified with the *Niagara Index*. The *Index* is positive that a "rivalry of brawn, not of brain, prevails to-day in our higher institutions of learning." Notably is such the case at "Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Cornell," "at which so-called higher seats of learning, sporting events much more engross the attention of the student than do the legitimate collegiate exercises." It seems that to such an extent are the students carried away, that "sporting departments in the College papers are supported (which is exceedingly bad taste)," that even recitations are "cut," "wagers are made," and in general the smoke of their iniquity rises heavenward—all of which, and much more, the *Index* can "substantiate from the avowed organs of the Colleges themselves." We have always suspected that something of that kind was the matter with those "so-called higher seats," and are glad that the *Index* has the moral courage to expose them.

Moody has left New Haven, and the Yale papers differ as to the good he has accomplished. The *Lit.* is unnecessarily illiberal and unkind in its remarks, while the *Courant* is level-headed and gentlemanly. The first game against Harvard, Yale has won by a score of 4 to 3. At the time of going to press we had learned no particulars. The result is a very great surprise to us. Both College crews are hard to work. The *Lit.* and Friday's (the 17th) *World* induce us to think that Yale's crew is "green." Hard work and perseverance have worked wonders for Yale in time past, and we feel sure that Harvard will not have a "walk-over" this year. In the Spring Regatta, '79's usual fortune forsook them, and '80 won the race by two and a half lengths, in the remarkably good time of 12 min. 57½ sec., (course, two miles, turn about.) The Scientific Freshmen beat the Academic, Rogers, of the University, pulling in the winning boat. '79 won both the single sculls. Dr. T. D. Porter has recently presented Yale with a magnificent gift, so says the *Record*. The *Courant* estimates it at no less than \$75,000. The object in view seems to pattern after that of Robert Boyle, viz., to promote "learning, virtue, piety, and truth," and a particular lectureship of \$600 per annum is designed "to teach the principles of righteousness," "and to prove that said principles do coincide with the judgment and common sense of mankind." The *Record*, however, is hopeful, and feels sure that these "harmless restrictions" will not hinder the liberal gift from furthering the advancement of a "wider culture," "and the abandonment of those few remnants of Puritanic rigor which yet exist among us." Accept our hearty congratulations.

Wesleyan, likewise, is favored. A Mr. Baker, of Sing-Sing, N. Y., has just left it a legacy of about a third of a property valued at three millions.

Both *Columbia* and *Brown* are to have new buildings—the former for lecture-rooms, and the latter a dormitory. "Class-Day" at the former will probably fall through. A spread at Delmonico's is suggested. The class elect the Valedictorian, and more than the usual canvassing and bad feeling are rife.

From *Oberlin* there rises a cry for "Senior Vacation," and a lament over the impending decease of the "State Inter-Collegiate Ass." We have the report of the last contest before us, and the "markings" by the judges neatly arranged in *quasi* logarithmic tables. We are sorry to see Judge Taft connected with this abortion of the "grading system." That reminds us that the Eastern I. C. L. A. has recently taken a fresh hold, and shows signs of animation. The following is the *menu* for 1878-9: Oratorical efforts are limited to ten minutes each; in Latin, Plautus' Captives and Cicero's Academics, with Latin at sight; in Greek, Isocrates' Panegyrics and Euripides' Iphigenia in Tauris, with Greek Composition and Analysis of Verb forms; in Mathematics, Calculus and Analytics. Subjects in Mental Science and Essays are yet to follow.

EXCHANGES.

It is with feelings of both pleasure and trepidation that we assume the position of Exchange Editor, and establish ourselves as critics in the field of College literature. Of pleasure, because we expect, in the performance of our duties, to learn much of College-life as it is elsewhere, and to be brought into closer sympathy with College thought; of trepidation, because the position of critic is one to which many have aspired, but in which few have attained any true success. We hope we shall remember that the function of the critic is two-fold; that we shall not become either indiscriminating eulogists or cynical detractors; that we shall be as impartial as Justice, but not quite as blind.

The *Yale Lit.* seems to have been the first College periodical to pass into the hands of '79—a fact which gives it an additional interest. We confess to great satisfaction in its perusal, and offer its editors our sincere congratulations on their success. "Two Modes" is a spicy satire upon the gushing sentimentalism of the past as compared with the lofty indifference of the present. Of these "Two Modes," we must say that we prefer the first. "Matthew Arnold as a Poet" assumes more acquaintance with that author's poetry than we can boast. We notice that the article is to be continued, or concluded, in the next number; by that time we will doubtless be wiser. The "Junior Prize Oration" made us envious, not only of the talent which composed it, but of the liberal spirit which allowed the orator space to develop his subject as he has done. Had he been limited, as our Junior orators are, to eleven hundred words, he

could hardly have given us such a clear idea of Richelieu's character, or expressed himself so smoothly and forcibly. "A Certain Literary Force" was excellent in manner, and sensible in matter; in which latter quality it presented a strong contrast to "Dips from a Chinese Slush-Bucket," which struck us as unadulterated nonsense. The "Portfolio" is bright and chatty, and will, we think, prove an addition to the Magazine.

The *Cornell Review* presents some very readable articles, and one or two not so readable. We were so awe-struck, however, at finding the name of H. H. Boyesen appended to the first article, that all thoughts of criticism fled from our mind. Evidently it will not be safe for us to attack anything in the *Review* before getting a Cornell catalogue, and learning the names of the professors. We will do ourselves the credit to say that we were struck with the excellence of Professor Boyesen's article before we saw his name at the end of it; but we might not be so discerning another time. Both the *Review* and the *Era* have articles on Satan—more particularly Milton's Satan. We are sorry to see that this personage has such a strong hold upon the Cornelians.

We are in receipt of the March and April numbers of the *University Magazine*, from Chapel Hill, N. C. Chapel Hill! What memories of Fresh. Year, and of Demosthenes' Olynthiacs, the name suggests. What "tears" were made by the help of the "Chapel Hill," which else had been ignominious flunks. Surely a magazine from such a famous place has a great weight of reputation to sustain. The editors, in the opening number, give some very good advice to its contributors. We hope it will have its effect. The Magazine needs to make its articles less sentimental, its personals less pointed, and its jokes more so, and to give a wide berth to the vulgarities which appear in one or two places.

The *Courant* has always seemed to us a model paper, and the number before us is up to the usual standard. The articles on "Slang," and "Ye Sophomore," are excellent. If some of our other exchanges would substitute such short and spicy sketches for their longer and more solid literary articles, they would be greatly improved. The *Courant* institutes a new departure in the way of an illustration; but unless, in future, they can secure better pictures, we do not think the interests of high art will be advanced to any large extent. To put such a flat-chested caricature over the title, "Ye Crew-Student," is a libel upon the Yale Crew.

The last *Spectator* was poor beyond compare. A dry official report, and tedious and tasteless rhapsody on "Bottled Sound," constitute the sum of its original attraction. The well-selected extracts of its "College World" are its only redeeming feature.

The *Brunonian* has a good article on "College Art." The best feature of the number is the poem on "Decius." We were alarmed at the length of this poem, but on the recommendation of the editors, read it, and enjoyed it. It is a very spirited piece of description, couched in correspondingly good verse. The account of the sacrifice savors strongly of the second book of the *Iliad*. "Research and Reward" is unworthy of the good company in which it appears.